

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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ONE TRAMP LESS.

CHAPPELL's berry field presented a busy scene during the picking season. All the boys and girls of the neighborhood, who wanted work, were there—and all the older people, too, for that matter. Little tots of seven or eight and their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of seventy or eighty were spread out like animated dots over the strawberry beds, or scattered along the row of currants and gooseberries, or perhaps hidden by the tall sprays of raspberry and blackberry vines. Every day hundreds of nicely packed crates and baskets and boxes were taken to the railroad station by the delivery wagon; and every evening the small army of pickers crowded about the office door to exchange the cardboard checks representing their day's labor for their equivalent in money.

So one day when a rough, half-grown boy slouched up to the manager and mumbled something about work, he was promptly directed to join the pickers. Work? There was lots of it, the manager said.

But the fellow drew back, his face clouding. Evidently the answer was unexpected.

For a single instant they gazed at each other; then the lad's eyes shifted and dropped, and the manager's darkened. He had met this manner of man—or boy—before, and knew his ways. Asking for work was but a feeler; that being refused, he would tell some pitiful story and beg for his dinner and perhaps a little money, in the meantime looking about with stealthy covetous eyes for whatever was valuable and portable.

Very likely he had associates in the vicinity, and the manager's eyes glanced down the main road, toward the bit of woods a quarter of a mile away. Yes, there were two men sprawled upon the grass beside the road, smoking. Even at that distance he could recognize them as tramps. A hard look came into his eyes, and sharp words to his lips. But only for a moment; then they were lost in something entirely different.

It all came about from his little four-year-old son passing by them toward the berry-fields. The lad had been slouching away again when his shifting eyes caught sight of the boy, and for an instant a new look came into them and transfigured the face. Then it was lost in the habitual expression of sulkiness. But brief as it was, the manager had seen it.

John Groves had not been a hirer of help all these years, to make mistakes in his men. Besides, he was fond of experimenting. Sometimes the best firewood had the roughest, knottiest bark on the outside, and of all the varieties of strawberries he raised, his own choice was a small, irregular fruit, not half so handsome as other berries. This unprepossessing applicant for work might not be bad as he seemed. He was of good figure, evidently strong and healthy, and his very sullenness and lack of confidence were in his favor, for they indicated that he was ashamed of his position. Moreover, he was only a boy and very likely the tool of others.

"Yes; I have plenty of work," the manager said, looking keenly at the lowering discontented face.

"Did you ever pick berries?"

"No," surlily.

The manager's gaze examined him critically, comprehendingly.

"And yet you were brought up on a farm," he declared.

The eyes sought him suspiciously.

"How do you know?"

The manager laughed.

"I haven't dealt with men without learning some of the signs of their vocation," he answered. "Your hands have been hardened and toughened by plough handles. I can see that. And you walk like a farmer. But come; as the other scowled and glanced toward the road, 'let us go down to the berry field.'"

"But I don't want—" The sentence was cut short abruptly. He had asked for work, and it would not do to arouse suspicion.

"I don't believe I can pick berries," he grumbled as he slouched along beside the manager, "my fingers are too big."

"Oh, well, there's plenty of other

work," the manager said easily; "and to tell the truth, it's the other work I am anxious about. Anybody can pick berries. Now this, as they paused beside the strawberry field, 'is our banner crop. We have forty varieties, and a daily yield of fifty to seventy-five bushels. Taste that,' stooping and selecting a large, thickly-crowned berry, 'its a Bubach, and in just the right condition for eating.'"

The hulking, overgrown boy took the berry diffidently and placed it between his teeth.

"Yes, it's good," he said after a moment, "prime good."

"Our market thinks so. Now we'll go on to the currants and raspberries and blackberries. Them there is a field I want to show you. But about work,—it's curious how many people there are who haven't learned their own business. The country's full of farmers, for instance, and yet there are very few who can plow a field of heavy ground properly. I've a dozen men here now who think they can handle a plow, but there are only two or three of them I'd trust with really fine work. You know how it is, though, being raised on a farm."

The heavy face lightened for an instant. "Yes, good plowers are scarce. I used to—"

The sentence was not finished, but the manager looked across the fields to hide a sudden twinkle of satisfaction in his eyes. It was the first sign of interest the tramp had shown.

From the berry fields they went across some meadow land and a brook to a square, inclosed field of ten or twelve acres. Around it several furrows had recently been turned, for the soil was still moist. The manager nodded toward them significantly.

"I want you to look that work over," he said, "and tell me just what you think of it." He then appeared to busy himself about the fence, but did it in such a manner as to keep a covert oversight of his companion's face.

But the caution was unnecessary. The heavy face was animated, critical, disapproving; and the hulking figure had straightened up and seemingly grown more compact as it moved back and forth along the furrows.

"Well," the manager asked at last, "what do you think?"

The fellow started and resumed his slouching gait.

"It's botch work," he replied, "every furrer of it; an' the furrers are all done by different hands, too."

"Right you are," cried the manager, heartily. "You've got keen eyes. The way of it is this: Yesterday a man came who said he could plow. I set him to work here and let him go round once, then put him to picking strawberries. This morning two other men came, and I gave each of them a chance at the plow. They are now with the pickers. This field ought to have been ready for plants ten days ago, but I want it plowed right or not at all." He looked at the face before him a moment, then appeared to decide its owner was not yet ready for overtures for he went on.

"My experts will likely have to come over and do the work, though I hate to spare them from the job they're at now. It's curious how many there are like you, who know good work when they see it, but who can't do it themselves. I don't doubt but every man on the place really believes he is a good plower."

"Huh! I could do that lot with any man in the country," said his companion quickly. "Have ye any plow horse handy?"

"Why, yes; I believe so," the manager replied with apparent indifference. "I wouldn't wonder if there was a pair all harnessed, just as the man left them. I'll have them brought."

When a boy appeared with the horse, five minutes later, the tramp caught the lines from him with dexterous familiarity, guided the horses through the opening in the fence, fastened the traces to the plow, swung the plow over for another furrow, and then chirruped quickly to the horses. The manager watched with approval. By the time the plowman had made one turn around the field he had established his position as an expert.

As he completed the round and approached the opening in the fence, the manager looked for him to leave the field. But no! he kept right on, apparently oblivious of everything but his work. He seemed, indeed, like one who had returned to a favorite occupation after a long absence; and was unconscious of aught else. The manager watched him for another ten minutes, then went to the berry field. It was noon when he returned.

"Hello!" he called, cheerily, "it's about time for something to eat. We will take the horses to the barn, and then get our dinner."

The tramp started and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Why, I didn't know it was so late," he ejaculated. "I must be goin'! I—I have got some friends waitin'. I'll look after the horses first, an' then go. No, you needn't take 'em," as the manager laid his hands upon the reins. "I'll do it. I like horses."

The manager smiled as he walked beside him to the barn and waited for him to feed the horses. Evidently this was the avenue to the fellow's heart.

"Now, come upstairs with me a minute," he said, as they left the stable.

The fellow hesitated, and then followed.

Over the stable was a long room, lighted by two windows, and containing a bed, washstand, and several chairs. It looked wholesome and inviting. The manager pointed to the bed.

"Sit down," he said quietly, "I want to talk to you. No, there is no hurry," as the other seemed about to refuse.

"Your companions have gone. I went to them and said you were at work, and that they could have ten minutes to leave my premises. They will not return," grimly. "No, you cannot go yet," blockading the stairway, "and you need not look so fierce. I am doing it for your good."

He waited until the lad had seated himself upon the bed, scowling and sullen, and with an ill-concealed expression of anxiety on his face.

Then he went on, more gently: "Let me tell you something now, my boy. These men have a hold upon you, and you are afraid of them. They sent you in here to look around, and were waiting for you to come back and report. But you needn't fear. I talked pretty plain to them, and they won't dare to cross my land again. You can have this room and charge of the horses downstairs, and I will give you steady work. Unless you wish there will be no need for you to leave the place for a year to come. I have a boarding-house on the farm where most of the men stay, but I think you will like this room to yourself and near the horses best. No," as the other's face began to work curiously, "don't tell me anything yet. I am willing to trust you."

The hulking figure straightened up as it had done while criticising the furrows. Then it rose heavily and came forward. "Yes, sir; I'll stay," he said huskily, "an'—an' thank you, too."—Forward.

Turkish Robbers.

If honorable robbers are anywhere to be found to-day it is among the Koords of Turkey, whose fathers before them have been robbers often unto the fortieth generation. It is as customary for a robber's son to be a robber as for a carpenter's son to be a carpenter or a shoemaker's son to stick to his last. To him it is as honorable profession as any, and that it is followed with great zeal is shown in the fact that many an Armenian village to-day pays a yearly tax to some band of robbers to protect it against their inroads. In these later years the Turkish government, jealous of the clever, progressive and successful Armenians, has instigated among its many cruel devices the sacking of many villages.

Not long ago a missionary, traveling along the almost impassable mountain paths, was set upon by three Koords from a robber band.

According to the cautious custom of missionaries in Turkey, he had but little money with him, though

he wore a gold watch and was carrying upon a mule a large sum of gold which he was transporting for a friend. The robbers turned him aside from the main path into a rocky valley and there demanded what he had.

"Why do you ask me what I have?" the traveler replied. "I am powerless in your hands all that I have is yours. Search and help yourselves."

"Have you any money?" they asked.

"Look and see," was the answer.

They searched his pockets, possessed themselves of the contents, and of his watch, but seeing naught but bedding and cooking utensils in the mule's pack, they failed to discover the sealed bag of gold.

During the process the missionary began to talk to the robbers, who listened as they searched. He told them what a mean performance he thought it.

"This small sum of money you have secured, what is it to you?" he said. "A few piastres! But its loss will put me to great inconvenience, for it was to pay for several nights' lodging and for my horse's fodder."

He could not touch the sealed bag of gold entrusted to his care.

In spite of themselves the men listened to this fearless stranger, and appeared a little ashamed of their meanness. That the missionary understood their race and characteristics he proved by his next appeal, which was to their instinctive and inherited respect for the old and for their forefathers.

"Now that watch you have taken from me," he continued, "is it worth anything to you? A few lira, perhaps; but what is that? To me, it was one of my chiefest possessions, for it was a gift from my father, a very old man, who gave it to me when he bade me good-bye, expecting never to see me again."

He spoke of his love for the aged father and of the pleasure he had taken in the cherished gift, and then went on to tell these men why he had left him and why he stayed in that far off land, until finally he had those robbers in tears.

"It is a mean trick we are playing him," cried one of them.

"Come, give him back the watch!"

"Yes," the other answered, "and you return his money."

Not only did they do as they said and put him on his way once more, but with him they sent one of their band a day's journey to protect him against other robbers, for they said, "Those might not return your goods, and we want you to have that watch, the aged man's gift."

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A resident of Oklahoma has patented a head canopy for protecting the head from the rays of the sun while at work, a light frame being attached to the body by straps to support an adjustable covering of rain and sun-proof material.

To assist artists and writers in drawing fine lines with their instruments, a pencil and pen attachment of an elastic finger arranged to rest on the paper under the drawing instrument and receive a portion of the weight of the arm.

A westerner has patented a combined minnow bucket and trap for fishermen's use, consisting of a wire cylinder, with a bale at the top which is placed inside a tin receptacle, two conical entrances being formed into the cylinder, through which the fish are attracted by a bait.

Railway cars are easily changed from broad to narrow gauge by an Australian patent, the wheels being attached to the axle by screw threads, several turns in either direction drawing the wheels together or spreading them, with levers and ratchets to lock them in either position.

Motormen are given automatic signals by a new clock to enable them to start their cars at fixed intervals at either end of the road, a pointer being arranged on the dial to move through a portion of the circle, ringing a bell and moving back to zero as each interval is completed.

An Iowa woman has invented a lamp attachment for sewing ma-

chines, a slotted plate being secured to the rear of the table, in which a screw slides to hold a plate on the upper side of the slot, the plate sliding into convenient position and having spring arms, which hold the lamp.

In an improved photographic printing frame the spring arms which hold the back of the frame in place are attached to the sides of the frame by automatic catches, formed of an L-shaped piece of metal pivoted in the frame, so that pressure on the short end swings the long end over the end of the spring arm.

Improvement in Moving Picture Machine.

The Eden Musee was one of the first amusement houses to give serious attention to moving pictures. The apparatus was crude and the pictures unsatisfactory. The Musee employed skilled mechanics who paid special attention to improving the results. In consequence of this action, the Musee has expended thousands of dollars in experimenting and the successive machines used showed great improvements. Since the Musee began showing moving pictures nearly every part of the delicate apparatus used has been improved. The latest success of the Musee has just been installed. It differs in many respects from the previous machines. The vibration of the picture upon the screen has been reduced so that there is scarcely a flicker. Improved lenses and lamps are used so that the pictures are thrown with full intensity upon the largest screen in the world. In order to get the best results, the Musee has for several months had artists in different parts of the world taking pictures of important scenes. Their representative in South Africa has sent back over one hundred pictures of battles and army life. On several occasions he had narrow escapes and twice the pictures he had taken of a battle were rendered useless by a bullet passing through the cabinet, allowing the light to enter. The representative in Paris has secured a large number of mysterious pictures which are little less than wonderful. In these pictures there are a ghosts, fairies and goblins, and they do the most ludicrous things imaginable. Every incoming steamer brings new series of pictures for the Musee, not only from South Africa and but other foreign countries. As an example of enterprise, the Musee is already making arrangements to take scenes at the various National Conventions. Every hour during the afternoon and evening, there is shown at the Musee a series of moving pictures. The subjects are changed each hour, so that visitors can see as many pictures as they desire. In addition to the pictures there are afternoon and evening concerts, and among the hundreds of wax groups and figures many hours can be pleasantly and profitably spent.

SERVICES IN THE DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

Until further notice the following arrangement of regular services in the Diocese of Albany, will be adhered to as closely as possible.

FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A. M.,—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P. M.,—St. Paul's, Albany.

SECOND SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A. M.,—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P. M.,—St. George's, Schenectady.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A. M.,—St. John's, Johnstown.
7:30 P. M.,—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Services on others Sundays and week-days will be announced from time to time, as occasion may require.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Four-fifths of all the garlic eaten in Europe is raised on the two African islands, Zanzibar and Pemba.

FANWOOD.

The Annual Observance of Arbor Day.

THE EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL.

The Ball Club Wins a Game—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Friday afternoon, May 4th, at two o'clock, the exercises in observance of Arbor Day were opened in the chapel by a salute to the colors.

When the audience of pupils, teachers and officers had resumed their seats after this solemn tribute to the flag, Principal Currier read the law establishing Arbor Day in the State of New York, and pointed out the lesson to be drawn from the occasion. He said the sentimental side of the celebration had its uses, and to cultivate an affection for trees and an appreciation of their beauty is worth striving for. But the object of Arbor Day is not fulfilled when the tree is planted. It was by the future of the tree, the shade it offered, the beauty of its foliage, the contribution to the landscape, and the excellence of its fruit that we judge its value. And so in our own lives, the good which we may produce will live long after us to bless future generations. He expressed the hope and belief that each and all would draw the proper lesson, and produce by their lives, fruit which would be a blessing to their fellows and an adornment to the school.

Following this came the program arranged by the Principal in this order:—

Letter of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to Officers and Teachers.....The Principal
Letter of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to Pupils.....Mr. Fox
Lesson of the Season.....Mr. Jones
Life of a Forest.....Mr. Clarke
Six Tropical Trees.....Mr. Burdick
The Birch.....Mr. Hodgson

BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS:

1. Hepatica.....C. B. Van Valkenberg
2. Anemone.....Louise E. Turner
3. Violet.....Grace Patterson
4. Arbutus.....Alice E. Judge
5. Apple Blossoms.....Lydia A. Smith
6. Buttercup.....Gertrude A. Turner
7. Daisy.....Hettych Hutschenreuter

Preceded by the boys of the horticultural class, the whole school wended their way in orderly procession to the knoll on the brow of the hill facing the parade ground and the Academic building. Here a large silver maple was placed in the ground, and beginning with the Principal, each of the teachers shovelled in a spadefull of earth until the tree had been planted. The choir then signed "America"—and this being concluded the Principal formally announced "I name this tree, in remembrance of our late colleague, Charles Wesley Van Tassel."

The exercises were simple, and appropriate, and the occasion is annually devoted to paying an appropriate tribute to the benefactors, teachers and friends of the Institution, while adding directly to the beauty of the extensive grounds.

The second of a series of lectures before this Fanwood Literary Association was delivered by Prof. Clarke, Saturday evening. Mark Twain's "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," proved interesting and amusing. Time would not permit the book being gone through but sufficient was read to give the pupils a clear idea of its contents and to inspire a desire to read it through.

Misses Gertrude and Louise Turner, Alice Judge and Winnie Clarke, were with Miss Makinson at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, Saturday afternoon. They reached home about six o'clock and from then till it was time to go to the chapel, entertained their large and unselected circle of friends with fairy stories of the marvelous feats performed by Indians, cowboys, and others of the Wild West contingent.

No regular game was scheduled for Saturday, but a picked team from the Washington Heights Y.

M. C. A. crossed bats with the Fanwoods. The score was 22 to 13 in Fanwood's favor. Score by innings:

INNINGS. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Y. M. C. A., 3 1 2 3 0 3 2 0 0—13
FANWOOD, 1 2 3 0 0 0 5 7 5—23
Batteries—Brecker and Linder; Cook, Heffernan and Dyer.

Dr. Charles A. Leale, of the Board of Directors, and General Michael Kerwin, a veteran of the Civil War, were the reviewing officers with Principal Currier at battalion parade, Sunday afternoon.

Messrs. R. E. Maynard, Martin Glynn, Herbert Gunner and Jules Maria were visitors Sunday evening, and took in Prof. Jones lecture in the chapel.

A Man of Forty Learning to Talk.

Giro Martino, forty years old, has forgotten how to talk. His ailment is a rare one, and from a medical standpoint is one of the most interesting ever treated in Harlem Hospital.

As the result of a most successful operation performed by Dr. Thomas Neafsey, the House Surgeon, Martino's life has been saved. In time he may be able to talk again, but he must be taught as though he were a child. "Aphasia" is the medical term for the disease. It is due to an injury of that portion of the brain governing the power of speech. He can understand all that is said, but it absolutely unable to articulate any word of his own accord.

In proof of the fact that he is able to understand questions are asked him to which he makes no reply, but when told to shake his head or move his arm or leg he does so. His eyes look searchingly and then pitifully at his questioner, showing his mental struggle in an endeavor to express his thoughts.

Already the task of teaching him to talk has been started. Each day for ten or fifteen minutes Dr. Neafsey gives him a lesson interpreted by Dominick Harris, a nurse who speaks several languages. Dr. Neafsey frames a sentence of small words which Harris translates into Italian for Martino to repeat. But like a little child learning to talk Martino can only get the last word of the sentence and if it is more than two syllables, he is able to pronounce but the first syllable.

When the lessons began Martino could pronounce but one word, that was "aqua," water. All he could say for two days was "aqua." He understands what "aqua" means. Now this vocabulary consists of about nine words which he seems to understand. When he repeats a word correctly after the nurse, he smiles and feels delighted. For fear of further mental derangement, Dr. Neafsey limits the time of the lessons, although each day that limit is allowed is to be slightly increased.

It may be months, perhaps years, before Martino will be able to speak his native language again. Dr. Neafsey intends to try the experiment of teaching him English, several words of which he has already mastered.

Martino is accused of stabbing a collector who came to his home, No. 2126 Second avenue, two weeks ago for money. The collector's stab wounds did not demand hospital care. He shot Martino and is now confined in a cell in Harlem prison awaiting the result of Martino's injuries. The bullet from his revolver struck Martino on the forehead about an inch and a quarter above the left eye. The skull was fractured as the breaking of a pane of glass by a bullet. The cracks radiated from a central point fully two inches away.

Keith's Theatre.

A remarkable novelty in motion pictures has been introduced in Adolf Zink's act at Keith's. The thousands of photographs contained in the various films used in depicting the little comedian's changes in his dressing room are all colored after life, and the realistic impression produced is a quite new feature of this sort of photograph.

The average working life of a London omnibus horse is five years; that of a tram horse is only four.

NEW YORK.

Concerning the League of Elect Surds.

A WOODEN WEDDING.

All the News Versely Told.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The following is taken from the New York *Sunday Tribune*, and as it relates to an organization concerning which the deaf are but slightly informed, it seems judicious to chronicle the fundamental principles as are here set forth:—

A SECRET BENEFICIAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE DEAF.

One of the New York theatres had as its guests one night last week the members of the League of Elect Surds, and the announcement of the fact caused many people to ask questions as to the organization.

The League is composed of twenty-four deaf men, and is a secret society, organized for mutual improvement, enjoyment and substantial assistance, having for its fundamental principles, as explained by one of the members, "The moral law which inculcates charity and honesty, industry and sobriety, peaceableness and obedience to law and civil government."

It includes among its members business men, manufacturers, artists, editors and teachers, most of whom have attained high rank in their several vocations. The members have meetings at stated times, an annual dinner, and once a month some sort of entertainment is arranged by a committee in which the members and their families take part.

A. L. Pach, one of the officers of the League, said: "Being hampered by a single impediment, deafness—a large part of the community is shut out from the social and beneficial advantages provided for others in the secret organizations. It avails nothing to argue with the councils of these bodies; to present evidence that the deaf are as long lived as other people; to show that they are capable and self-supporting, and that deafness finds its compensation in the increased alertness of the eye, which, in the perpetual din of a large city, is a safer guide than the clamor harassed ear. All this matters little to the supposedly learned physicians of these societies. Beneficial associations and some insurance organizations regard the deaf as too great a risk, and a prejudice once formed, it is wellnigh impossible to remove it."

These prejudices caused the formation of many social and beneficial organizations by deaf men, the most prominent of which is the League of Elect Surds, which was formed about twelve years ago. It is open to the deaf generally, but careful selection is made in admitting members. Among the requirements for admission is a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, a good reputation, an honest means of support and a fair education, especially in written language.

Edwin A. Hodgson, the president of the League, is widely known among the deaf people in this country and Europe. He is an editor, instructor and author; was a delegate to the World's Congress of the Deaf at Paris in 1888, and the deaf-mutes of New York and the United States have been proud to put him forward as their representative on many occasions.

Alexander L. Pach is at the head of one of the departments of Pach Brothers' photographic establishment, and although he is handicapped by total deafness he is a valuable man in the concern and finds time to do literary and artistic work.

The secretary and treasurer of the League is Thomas F. Fox.

The historian of the League in a recent article said: "Most deaf people rise superior to their handicap, as will be noted by the occupations of the members of the League of Elect Surds. One of them is the head teacher in the largest school for the deaf in this country; one is the editor and another the foreman of the composing room of THE DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL; two are proprietors of large job printing offices. One member is the proprietor of a large engraving establishment; one is the chief pattern maker in a large manufacturing concern, and others are large employers of men, one member having in his employ about twenty fellow deaf men. The list also includes several bookkeepers, salesmen and shipping clerks."

On Tuesday evening, a party of friends gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, to help celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary—or "wooden wedding."

Many useful and handsome pre-

sents were made the worthy couple.

Time was passed in conversation, "tailing the donkey"—in which Messrs. Barnes and Heyman won the first and "booby" prizes respectively—and in "throwing the handkerchief."

A fine collation, consisting of salad, sandwiches, ice cream, fruit and coffee, was served at eleven.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames. Fox, Heyman, Barnes, Hodgson, Mrs. Buhle, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Blair and son, Mrs. Lewis, Misses Berley and Jaycox, Messrs. Aymerick, Soper and Hoffman.

That the coming lecture of Prof. Gardner at the rooms of the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers on next Thursday evening, of May 17th, will be worth attending there can be no doubt, as the professor has the gift of telling in an interesting manner whatever he has to say, besides the proceeds of the lecture go to the charitable fund of the Brooklyn Guild. This is a most worthy object, and should receive the encouragement of the deaf of that Borough. The price of admission is fifteen cents, and not as stated in the last number of this paper.

Among the crack trotters at the Speedway Parade on Saturday, was Thomas Lynch's round, smooth, shapely brown mare, Dark Secret, with a 2.27 record. The dailies said she astonished the critics by holding her own in a brush with Laydell Whitehead's bay mare, which has a record of 2.13. Mr. Lynch has a son, William Lynch, in the New York Institution, who is a prominent member of the Fanwood Base Ball team. He plays first base, and is a good batter.

John Shea is not in the baseball business this season, although he hopes to get into the game before very long. He has been troubled with what ball players call a "glass arm," and recently took heroic treatment at Bellevue Hospital, in the hope that the trouble might be eradicated. He says the doctors seared the spot with a red-hot iron, which made him wince at the time and has since been quite painful and tender.

At the Annual meeting of the Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, the following officers and trustees were elected: Vice-President, E. A. Hodgson; Secretary, Charles J. LeClerc; Treasurer, Albert A. Barnes; Librarian, Miss Mamie Elsworth; Custodian, Wm. G. Jones; Isaac N. Soper, Frederick W. Meinken, William H. Rose.

Don't forget that on May 16th, at the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, there will be an "art loan exhibition," under the auspices of the League of Elect Surds. The net proceedings will go to the Building Fund of the Gallaudet Home. The price of admission is only twenty-five cents, and includes refreshments.

Mrs. Eva Minihan has recovered from her illness, and returned to her home from St. Peter's Hospital. Lena Gesberger did the housekeeping and cared for the children while Mrs. Minihan was sick. On her return she received greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoevel, Mrs. Hayden and daughters, Carl Koenig and Miss Gesberger.

There have been persistent rumors that Adolph Eckardt was living in Hoboken, N. J. He had "been seen" frequently, so the gossip goes. However, gossip and fact are not always synonymous. The fact is Mr. Eckardt is living in Rawlins, Wyoming.

Edward Elsworth was one of the interested visitors at the Exposition of the Printing Arts, at the Grand Central Palace, on Saturday last. Edward is learning the printing business at the JOURNAL office, and therefore appreciated all he saw.

Anton Schroeder, of St. Paul, is traveling salesman for the Stanley Works, of New Britain, Ct., to whom his patents were sold some time since. He expects to be in New York this week, and to meet some of the deaf.

Miss Edith Scovill, of Hudson, N. Y., is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis, at their cosy home in East Orange, N. J.

Miss Nellie Price, after a pleasant visit to friends in New York and New Jersey, returned to her home in Washington, D. C., last week.

Philip Eicheler and A. W. Henning, who have been partners in renting a dock for the past two years, have dissolved partnership.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson McConnell are now living on Long Island, whither they moved from this city on Tuesday last.

The annual strawberry festival will probably be given in St. Ann's Guild Room on June 1st.

Jacques Alexander sails for Paris on May 26th, where he intends to remain until Fall.

Mineral production in the United States, this year, will, it is estimated, reach a value of nearly \$1,000,000,000.

OHIO.

Rev. Mr. Mann has a Very Busy Sunday.

DEAF-MUTES MARRIED.

Brevities of All Sorts.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 903 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Mann arrived on time Saturday. In the evening, a reception was held in Trinity House at which about forty of the deaf of the city were present. There was no special programme for the occasion, and all who came made themselves at home. The time was mostly spent in conversation. Later, ice cream and cakes were served, and all who attended report a pleasant time.

Sunday was a busy day for Mr. Mann. In the morning he held a service in Trinity Chapel attended by about fifteen deaf. Here he also baptized the child of Mr. and Mrs. George Black. In the afternoon, Mr. Mann conducted the chapel service of the Institution, taking his text from Exodus XX., 16—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." From here he went over on the west side to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Leib. He administered the Holy Communion to Mr. Leib, and then baptized their little child. By the way, Mr. Leib is gaining very slowly, if any, in strength and health. Mr. Mann then came over to the east side of the city to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Schriber, where he baptized their little girl.

There have been whisperings about here that a wedding in mute circles would soon occur. No names were given and there was a great deal of guessing as to the names of the interested parties, but the cat is out of the bag now and the wiseacres tell you, "I told you so." A special from Lancaster, Thursday, to the *Press Post* of this city tells the story: "Mr. Frank Evans, of Steelton, and Miss Julia Moulder, of this city, were married here this afternoon, Rev. ——— performing the ceremony with Mr. Amasa Pratt acting as interpreter. Their friends here all wish them a prosperous and happy voyage on life's seas. They came up last evening and will make their home in Steelton, where Mr. Evans is employed in the steel works."

Since our last letter the boys have had plenty of base ball—three games two on Saturday and one Tuesday afternoon—two defeats and one tie. The First Independents tackled the East High School team, Saturday, and came off second best 21 to 22 in seven innings. Tuesday afternoon the same club tried it with the Central High School boys both coming out even 9 to 9.

The Second Independents, Saturday afternoon, feeling pretty good over a previous victory with the employes of the Blind Institution proceeded to have another bout with the club. But this time the tables were turned in favor of the employes—26 to 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus H. Kerr who have been here most of the winter will leave to-morrow for Cincinnati, where they will remain for some time. Last evening a party in a small way was given them at the home of Frank and Miss Nettie Jones.

It is expected that work on the new barn for the Home will begin Monday. Part of the committee having the work in charge were up last Saturday looking after matters thereto. Something over one hundred dollars more will have to be collected to meet the increased price of materials and advance in wages. House-cleaning was under way at the time the committee was up and Mr. Charles Robbins is assisting in the work.

Sunday afternoon, Mr. Ohlemacher, Mr. Frank Jones, Miss Munnell and Miss Eva Nutt paid the place a visit and were much surprised and pleased with the fine appearance of everything about the place. Nature just now makes it a tempting place to visit. The old inmates, too, are always glad to meet visitors and chat with them.

Mr. B. O. Sprague bade the bindery folks goodbye, Monday. He had been employed in the concern since 1898. He has not decided yet whether to remain in the city or move back to his old home in Washington County.

The Acme Paving Company received the contract for putting down the artificial stone walks to and around the new school building. Work on the improvement was commenced Monday.

A horseless carriage, in other words, automobile of the brougham kind, made the rounds of the institution roads the other day, and proved a seven day wonder to many of the pupils.

The older pupils were taken by Superintendent Jones to the Auditorium, Tuesday evening, to allow

them to see W. J. Bryan, who spoke there that evening. Superintendent Jones interpreted such portions of his speech as could be ahead. There were about 10,000 people in the hall.

Mr. Samuel McClannahan, of Findlay, was here Wednesday.

Signs of approaching vacation—the taking of class pictures. The business was begun Wednesday.

A. B. G.

May 5, '00.

RECEPTION TO REV. MANN

GIVEN AT TRINITY PARISH HOUSE BY MEMBERS OF ALL SAINTS' DEAF-MUTE MISSION—NOTED MISSIONARY "TALKS" TO PRESS REPORTER ON PAPER.

The Rev. Dr. A. W. Mann, the celebrated deaf-mute missionary and his wife, were the guests of honor at a reception at Trinity parish house, last evening, given by the members of his Columbus mission, known as the All Saints' Deaf-Mute mission. The event was attended by about 50 members of the church and was very enjoyable. There was no special program of the evening. The time was spent in conversing in the sign-language and refreshments were served.

A representative of The *Press-Post* interviewed Dr. Mann, on paper, and the scribe saw some things about pushing a pencil, that opened his eyes. Dr. Mann was asked a question and he answered in writing, but he did not go to the trouble of turning the page of paper toward him. He wrote upside down faster than the reporter could ask questions right side up.

It was interesting to watch the reverend gentleman as he wrote with such ease in his topsy-turvy fashion. He said, concerning his writing, that he himself had originated the system and had found it to be very convenient end useful.

Dr. Mann is at home in Gambier, O., although during his 26 years as a missionary, he has been away from home two-thirds of the time. He has the larger cities of the middle west and devotes most of his time traveling from one to the other of them. But his home is not confined to this country. He is very widely known in England, Scotland and Ireland, having preached in many of the churches of those countries many times, and has been identified with large deaf-mute conferences held in the old country. He has also carried on his mission work extensively on the Pacific coast. He will go from here to his home where he will plan further mission work.

Today there will be services for deaf-mutes in the chapel of Trinity Church and Dr. Mann will preach in the sign-language. At the afternoon service an infant will be baptized. It can hear and speak although its parents are deaf-mutes. Mr. Mann will leave Columbus tomorrow.

Since his last service at Sibert Mission of Columbus, Rev. Mr. Mann has officiated on Sundays and week days at a number of his other missions. Last Sunday saw him at All Angels' mission at Chicago; Sunday, May 6, will see him at St. Margaret's mission, Pittsburg, and possibly at Homestead, a suburb, where a number of deaf-mute employes of the iron mills, reside. Last Easter day found him in Philadelphia, preaching in the afternoon at All Souls' church, with its 250 deaf-mute communicants. He also preached in the morning at a mission at Mt. Airy, near the Eastern Pennsylvania School for Deaf children. Easter Monday saw Rev. Mr. Mann within the limits of St. Ann's deaf-mute parish, New York City, attending a final meeting of a committee on the world's congress of deaf-mutes, which will be heard at Paris, next August. In May he will be busy preparing annual reports to the ecclesiastical authorities of the dioceses in which the work is carried on.

Since taking up this interesting and useful work 25 years ago, he has held services in 376 different churches, scattered all over the world, and has written upward of 300 such reports, which may be found in the appendices of convention journals from the diocese of Pittsburg to those of Missouri and Minnesota. Three times as many quarterly reports has also been made. —Columbus Press-Post.

Deaf-Mute Spoke Just Before Death.

"LORD HAVE MERCY," HIS FIRST WORDS IN FORTY-THREE YEARS.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 28.—Z. V. Haynes, a teacher at the School for the Deaf at Morganton, N. C., after being himself speechless for forty-three years, is said to have uttered three words just before his death, which occurred recently.

Mr. Haynes recently was attacked by acute pneumonia, and sank rapidly. A short time before the bed were started to hear him speak. He was delirious at the time and near his death. The words that fell from the dying man's lips were "Lord, have mercy."

PHILADELPHIA.

The Ziegler-Lentz Nuptials a Brilliant Affair.

THE CHURCH CROWDED.

A Narrow Escape from Death.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

One of the prettiest and by far the largest attended wedding that has ever been solemnized in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, was that of Miss Mary Louisa Lentz to Mr. Robert Middleton Ziegler, on Monday afternoon, April 30th. On account of the prominence which the pair hold in deaf-mute society, more than usual interest was taken in the affair.

The ceremony took place shortly after three o'clock. Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred invited guests were present, including many teachers of the Mt. Airy Institution and others prominently connected with the education of the deaf, and many well known deaf of this city and from other parts. These added greatly to the brilliancy of the occasion, while the church itself, with its decorations, simple yet chaste, and the bright, cheery light from the big chandelier in the centre of the room gave added charms.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, pastor of the church, was the officiating clergyman and with him stood Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, who acted in the capacity of interpreter, both orally and in signs, when occasion required. In place of music which usually ushers in a ceremony of this kind, there was an inspiring silence during the march to the hymenal altar. The groom, with his attendant, Mr. J. A. Melvaine, entered at the south side door, while the bride came in at the centre aisle, leaning on the arm of her cousin, Mr. Edward H. Crampton, of New York.

She was preceded by the ushers, Messrs. William McKinney, Franklin C. Smielan, Harris Taylor and J. L. J. mson, and by Miss Helen Childs, who acted as maid of honor.

It had been originally arranged that the bride should be given away by her brother, Mr. Harry D. Lentz, of New York, but the change was made necessary by the sickness of Mr. Lentz.

The bride was attired in a beautiful travelling dress and the groom wore the conventional frock.

At the chancel rail the groom was joined by the bride, and, with the other members of the bridal party encircled about, they received the nuptial benediction. After the ceremony, which scarcely occupied fifteen minutes, the happy couple immediately left the city to enjoy a brief honeymoon in Washington, D. C., and other points.

The couple will go to housekeeping at once, having already furnished a cosy home on West Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Mt. Airy.

Following are a few names of those in attendance at the church:

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Crampton and daughter, of New York; Mrs. R. J. Edgar, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mrs. Henry C. Freeland, sister of the bride, and her sons Chester and Nelson; Mrs. Theo. Benade, Supt. J. P. Walker and wife, of Trenton; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lentz, of Jonestown; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. B. Sensesing, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Darian, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Waterhouse, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. J. Dornier, Mrs. M. C. Vancourt, Mrs. L. A. Harrison, Mrs. A. Chapman, Mrs. E. E. Roop, Mrs. M. Heyman and Mrs. T. F. Fox, of New York; Mrs. H. Scott, Mrs. E. H. Schavarr, Mrs. J. M. Koehler, Mrs. J. D. Zeigler and family, Misses Thomas Breen and family, Misses Minnie Ekins, of Reading; C. Ford, D. Kintzel, K. Keen, Grace and Dora Koehler, E. Loughridge, M. Hess, S. McKinney, J. M. Foley, Messrs. S. G. Davidson, J. D. Kirkhuff, and W. E. Grime.

The wedding presents were numerous, costly and beautiful. The following is a partial list:—Pair of cutglass carafes, Dr. and Mrs. Crouter; cut glass fruit dish, Mrs. Benade; cut glass wine decanter and half dozen tumblers, Miss Nolan; fern dish, Miss Miller; cut glass almond dish, Mr. and Mrs. Booth; cut glass ice-pitcher, Miss Franklin; large vase, Mr. and Mrs. Wall; spray of lilies in turquoise and pearls, Mr. Dreer; center piece Miss Hackett; cut glass carafe, Mr. and Mrs. Wolters, and one from Mr. and Mrs. Allen; large claret pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar; framed water color sketch, Miss N. Stemple; silver pudding dish, Mr. and Mrs. From; cake plate, Miss Tillson; set of dishes, Mr. and Mrs. Child; sofa pillow, Mr. Melvaine; large framed etching of landscape; framed oil painting on porcelain, Miss McKinney; rocker, Miss Lilly and Laura Zeigler; bronze mantel clock, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Givler; half a dozen orange spoons, Mr. and

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1900.—The past week has proven to be quite an eventful one to the deaf of this burg. The first part of the week was quite pleasant, and those who could hied themselves away to the country or to the various pleasure resorts up or down the Potomac. Quite a number attended the Presentation exercises at Gallaudet College on Wednesday, and also attended the "Hop" on Friday evening.

The first nice Sunday, as usual, found Misses Dailey and Senkind at the Zoo. They say they saw Dewey's bear and not the monkeys this time.

Messrs. Hodges and Souder took a run out to Cabin John, Sunday, fully expecting to find their co-partner, Mr. M. O. Roberts, there. But nothing could be seen of him there.

Mrs. Burton spent a fortnight with her parents down in Virginia. Mr. Burton was down for about a week and came back with his wife. They report a splendid time.

Miss O'Callaghan came very near having a serious accident a few days ago. She was on her wheel, riding alongside a street car, when for some unaccountable reason, her wheel tipped over throwing her on the pavement. She escaped with only a few bruises.

Mr. E. E. Hannan is now a candidate for the Potomac Boat Club Crew. If admitted, he expects to spend most of his time on the river this summer.

Mr. Wurdemann, our Century rider, is preparing for another century run to Baltimore and other places in the near future. We hope he will add another medal to his already considerable number.

A friend of Mrs. Burton, a Miss Mankin, of Falls Church, Va., was visiting in the city a few days ago.

Miss M. Dailey is expecting to spend most of the summer with a friend in Delaware.

One of the most important events that has transpired among the deaf here was the marriage of our regular JOURNAL correspondent, Mr. Andrew D. Hodges, and Miss Lillian M. Brown, of Chesterbrook, Va., which took place Friday evening, May 4th, at 8 o'clock. It caused something of a surprise among this circle of friends as hardly any expected it would come off so soon.

Mr. Hodges is one of the best known and best liked young men in our community. His bride is a most estimable hearing young lady, and although she has not been long among as we feel sure that she will make him a kind and loving wife. We feel assured that Mr. Hodges will be a dutiful husband, and we wish them both a long, happy and prosperous life, and we wish them the richest blessings God can bestow upon them. Mr. Hodges has disposed of his confectionery store and after his honeymoon is over will go into other business. Ki Yi.

GREATER TROY.

Farmer J. R. Becker was in town the other day.

Pitcher Taylor, of the Albany Club, is a great favorite and a fine twirler, so says the Albany *Union-Times*. First-base man Kihm, of the Troy Club, is a deaf-mute. Both he and Taylor personally know each other, they having previously met frequently out West.

A number of the deaf, among them Corbett, Keenan and Kinney, introduced themselves to the above mentioned. Corbett entertained Taylor with stories and jokes.

William G. Shanks is at Cresent for the present.

A number of deaf wheelmen here contemplate going awheel to Schenectady, Sunday next, at 10 A.M.

Some young ladies think there is nothing so pleasant as to ride out in country on a fine day. A number of them have purchased wheels. One is Miss Agnes Kileen. Also Mrs. B. May Connerston. Among the others who seriously contemplate taking possession of new wheels are Misses Getty and Flynn.

Mr. and Mr. Cornelius Del Roy have moved to Lansburgh. Both lived in Green Island until lately.

James H. O'Neil, of course, will make his annual visit to his sister and brother here and in Whitehall.

The proposed party, in honor of Miss Agnes Kileen, has either been postponed or given up.

One day last week, a certain deaf man was driving brads with his tack-hammer, when by either accident or carelessness, missed the nail, thus producing the hammer on his thumb with a dull thud. Consequently, a blood blister was the result. A shopmate, who happened to witness the accident, but heard no swear word uttered, produced a piece of wood and pencil and propounded this question: "Did you think ——— when you got hurt?"

Clarence Smith, who says he belongs in Rochester or Syracuse, was around here peddling recently.

BRAMBLE—How do you like that deaf-mute barber?

THORNE—Not at all. He talks on his fingers while he's shaving. C.

WYOMING VALLEY.

A CAT STORY.

One of the deaf-mutes has a handsome animal with fur, when clean, as white as the driven snow and eyes of purest amber color. He has three beautiful kittens. The cat's tail would put to shame the handsomest fox's, so bushy is this waving plume. He traced his ancestry back to the home of the deaf-mute. He had the misfortune, however, to be stone deaf or deaf as a post, as you choose.

The lack of hearing resulted in his downfall one day last week. He spent his time when the weather was warm upon the roof of the gas-house on Dana Street.

Here he watched with longing eyes the antics of numerous English sparrows, and occasionally spring upon his feathered prey, usually without result.

One day last week, however, he pulled the tail feather out of a too venturesome sparrow, and the frightened bird found safety upon the roof among a twittering lot of his friends. After a long and excited consultation among these saucy little pests, a plan seemed to be agreed upon. This plan, while it resulted in the discomfiture of cat, also resulted in a tragedy to one of their friends. This one was the bird that had lost its tail. He seemed to be the chosen one. It flew down as close as safety would permit toward the cat and with an upward curve perched upon a convenient skylight.

The cat immediately began a steady advance upon its intended victim. Hardly had the aristocratic feline turned its back upon the twittering group on the eaves ere they swooped down in a body and attacked him, pecking at his tail and his back, tearing bunches of hair at each attack, in spite of his angry meows and the wicked strokes of his paws. The little fellow that had lost its tail feathers danced and chirped with glee upon the apex of the skylight as he saw his foe reaping his deserved punishment to his relatives, he must join in the attack, so down he swooped. He, however, had overlooked the fact that he had lost his steering gear, for his swoop carried him just a little too close, and the cat's claws caught him and in an instant the cruel teeth had crushed the life out of the tiny body. This discouraged the rest and they immediately withdrew to the safety of a skylight kopje where they sent up a chorus of mournful chirps for their departed comrade. The deaf-mute's cat in triumph walked away, his head high in the air and his victim grasped between his teeth.

Wieden, a suburb, of Vienna, has the largest dwelling house in the world. It contains 1,400 rooms divided into 400 suites, and affords shelter to over 2,000 persons.

The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take \$20,000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

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Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary, 8 Hampden St., Fordham Heights.

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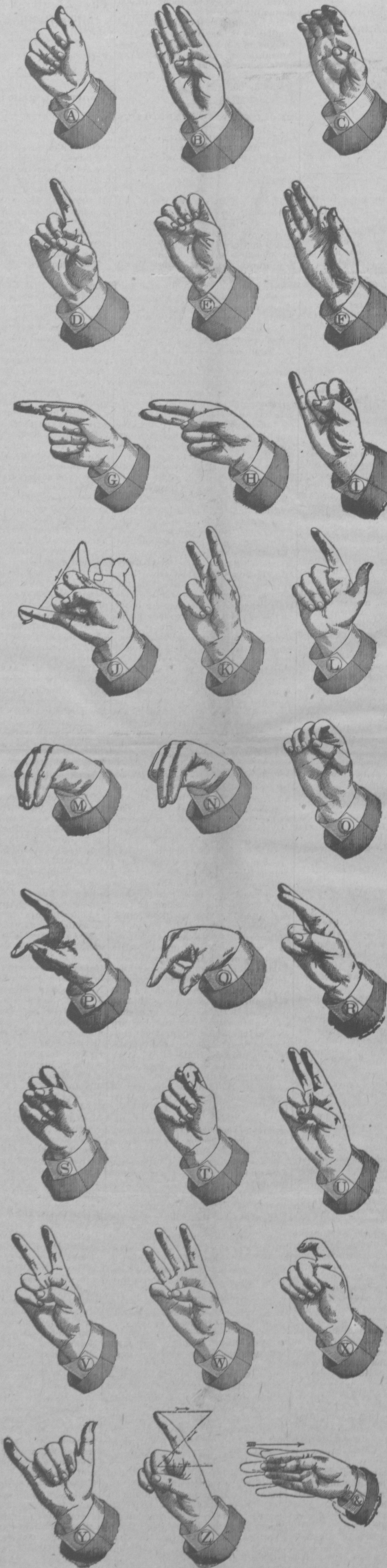
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Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.

2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.

3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.

4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

Were you at Buffalo?

Then send for the photographs of

1. The Convention in Buffalo.
2. The Trolley party at Queenston, Canada.

Single, \$1.25—the two to one address for \$2.00